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Rufus's Stone, New Forest, Hampshire.



The New Forest, Hampshire, which is a most extensive tract of land, (being not less than forty miles in circumference,) has been so denominated for nearly seven hundred years. It is situated on the south side of the county, and anciently contained many populous towns and villages, and thirty-six parish churches, all of which are said to have been destroyed by William the Conqueror, and his son, William Rufus, to gratify their inordinate love of hunting.

A celebrated oak in this forest, also remarkable for its premature vegetation, formerly stood near Stony Cross, at a small distance north from Castle Malwood, and believed to be the very tree against which the arrow glanced that caused the death of William Rufus. Charles II. commanded this tree to be paled round, and in Leland's time there was a chapel near the spot. At present, however, neither chapel nor tree remain. In the place of the latter, lord Delaware, about sixty years ago, erected a triangular stone, (which is well depicted in the above engraving,) about five feet high, surmounted by a ball, and having the following inscription:—

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“ Here stood the oak tree on which an arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrrel, at a stag, glanced and struck king William II. surnamed Rufus, on the breast; of which stroke he instantly died, on the second of August, 1100.

“ King William II. surnamed Rufus, being slain as before related, was laid in a cart belonging to one Purkess, and drawn from hence to Winchester, and buried in the cathedral church of that city.

“ That where an event so memorable had happened might not hereafter be unknown, this stone was set up by John, lord Delaware, who had seen the tree growing in this place, anno 1745.”

This stone stands in Minstead parish, near Malwood Castle Lodge.

Dr. Lingard asserts in his *History of England*, that Rufus was intentionally slain by Tyrrel, who immediately afterwards quitted this country, and made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; this act was attributed to remorse, and consequently construed into a proof of his guilt. But as most historians agree that it was accidental, we will extract the

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opinions of our most popular writers upon the subject.

William II. surnamed Rufus, second son of the conqueror, and king of England, was crowned at Westminster, in September, 1087. When he was firmly seated on the throne, he forgot his promise of relieving the English from oppression, and even enhanced the severity of the forest laws. The death of Lanfranc, whom he respected, left him at liberty to seize vacant bishoprics and abbey, and to bestow church lands on his captains and favourites. In 1090, he visited Normandy, with hostile intentions respecting his brother, (who succeeded to the dukedom) but a negotiation took place, and they were reconciled. He returned to England, accompanied by his brother Robert, who commanded an army which was sent against Malcolm, king of Scotland. But a variance soon took place between the brothers, occasioned by the encroaching and treacherous disposition of William, and led him to excite the Norman barons to rebel against Robert. Whilst William was prosecuting hostile measures against his brother, he was recalled to England, in 1095, to suppress a conspiracy among the barons in the north, whom he speedily defeated, and severely punished. The spirit of crusading having at this time pervaded Europe, Robert was seized with the mania, and mortgaged his dukedom to William for 10,000 marks, to enable him to unite with the crusaders in 1096. William having gone over to the continent to take possession of Normandy and Maine, was taken extremely ill, and apprehending danger, resolved to repair the injury which he had done to the church, and to supply the vacancy of the archbishopric of Canterbury, which had been occasioned by the death of Lanfranc. Anselm was nominated, but the king and the primate soon disagreed; and although a synod was assembled for the deposition of the archbishop, the king failed in the attempt. Anselm desired permission to leave the kingdom, and obtained leave, but his temporalities were seized, and the pope received him as a confessor in the cause of religion.

William's French acquisitions were the occasion of trouble to him; for whilst he was hunting in the New Forest, he was informed that the citadel of Maine was beleagued, and he therefore hastened to Dartmouth, and determined to embark without delay. As the weather was tempestuous, the mariners expressed some apprehension of danger; the king, however, was resolute and persevering, and asked them if they had ever heard of a

king who was drowned. Having accomplished his object, he was applied to by the duke of Guienne, who was under the influence of the passion for crusading, for the loan of a sum of money, as a mortgage on his rich provinces of Guienne and Poitou. William accepted the proposal; but whilst he was preparing to carry over the money, and to take possession of the provinces, he was accidentally killed in the New Forest. Having alighted from his horse after a chase, a stag sprang up near him; and a French gentleman, Walter Tyrrel, perceiving the animal, shot off an arrow, which glancing from a tree, entered the king's breast, and penetrated to the heart. Tyrrel, who lived many years after, always declared, he was not in the Forest any part of the day on which the king was killed. The king's body was found by the country people, and interred without ceremony at Winchester; this happened on August 2, 1100, when the king was in the 40th year of his age, and the 13th of his reign. Henry, the grandson of the conqueror, lost his life also in the same forest. While pursuing his game, he was caught by the hair of his head, which got entangled in the bough of a tree, and was there suspended till he died. "The incidents of his reign," says a biographer, "prove him to have possessed vigour and decision, courage and policy; but to have been violent, perfidious, and rapacious, and void of all sense of justice and honour." In his reign were erected the Tower, London-bridge, and Westminster-hall.

COLLOQUIAL PHRASES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR.—Your correspondent *Pasche*, by his remarks upon some common idioms, has induced me to trouble you with a few additional observations upon the same subject. To notice all the absurdities in use, which are licensed by the omnipotent fiat of custom, would fill a moderate volume; and notwithstanding the boasted purity of our language, candour must admit that there is still much room for improvement.

Colloquial discourse is, generally speaking, replete with figure and ellipsis. The former is necessary, because no language is sufficiently copious to have a separate word for every separate idea; and, indeed, mental ideas cannot sometimes be made intelligible without a reference to sensible objects—thus we say, *rough* behaviour, *smooth* words, *piercing* thoughts, *pointed*

language, clear perception, sharp satire, &c.

Almost every sentence, both in written and oral language, is more or less elliptical. Should we trace many of our common phrases to their original figures, and supply the grammatical ellipses (which is not always very easy) I humbly submit that much apparent incongruity might thus be reconciled to our critical opinions.

The kettle boils, the pot leaks, &c. are instances of metonymy, founded upon the mutual relations of cause and effect, container and contained, the sign and the thing signified; in both these cases the name of the container being substituted for its contents. Thus also we say, I am reading Milton, meaning his works; Alexander the Great laid *Homer* under his pillow every night, (meaning his *Ilad*;) respect grey hairs, that is, old age, &c.

"What's o'clock," is an ellipsis for what is it on the clock? and "What's o'therometer?" would (if sanctioned by custom) be equally expressive. Thus also we use, "Where's the wind?" and "How's the weather?" To walk a mile, seems a very absurd expression; but make good the ellipsis, to walk over the space of a mile, and it becomes unexceptionable.

Almost innumerable instances of similar incongruities might be adduced, all so much sanctioned by general usage, that amendment seems a futile effort, and might also appear to savour of pedantry.

It would indeed be truly desirable to correct many of the abuses of language, and among others, I think that of adopting the same word in significations diametrically opposite: as thus—my horse runs *fast*, (swift); this tree is *fast*, (firm, immovable); the pot *leaks*, (lets out water); the boat *leaks*, (lets in water); I am *nervous*, (weak and trembling); Byron's poems are *nervous*, (that is, strong and powerful in thought.)

But I fear I am getting more *lengthy* than *strongly*; so with thanks to *Pasche*, and apologies for troubling you,

I am, Sir,

Yours, most truly,

August 5, 1826.

JACOBUS.

THE CHARACTER, NATURE, AND POWER OF MAN.

(For the Mirror.)

Pope closes his chaste essay with this concise but consummate sentence, "*all our knowledge is ourselves to know.*" Pythagoras has also admirably observed, "that a man should take care to have a

due respect for himself." It would be difficult, perhaps, to point out two sentences more replete with meaning than these; indeed, their extent is almost infinite. The want of respect for ourselves is the manifest check to that knowledge to which Pope has alluded. When man, in any way, has "a due respect for himself," he no longer becomes enamoured with the errors and inconsistencies which generally exist. He is eager to scrutinise and regulate the whole of his individual actions before he interferes with subjects of an inferior or disgraceful quality, or others which, perhaps, were never intended for the study of inquisitorial man. And in the proper discharge of this duty, he will neither feel the shackles of him who is always watching for, and eager to point out, the vices of others, while his own, though prominent, receive no check; nor will he be too easily drawn with the strong tide of sensual lust; nor consider that gravity must always play upon the countenance, as the only signal of the just and righteous, but will rather represent a more noble character, adorned with all the ease, and grace, and complacency of a Dr. Primrose, and as cheerfully contribute his *quota* to the needful, as add his smile to the smiling.

In order to promote the virtue of these two sentences, it must be recollected, that wherever consistency, judgment, or regularity are requisite to reign predominant, there individual knowledge and study must be an attendant; without which, consistency would be unknown, and sound judgment *could not* exist, and regularity would be impossible. If man's principal pursuit for knowledge consists in his endeavouring to possess himself of the knowledge of nations and men, manners, and matters, entirely neglecting himself, how can he be otherwise than inconsistent and absurd in his actions? Man should both *study* and *respect* himself; it is an ostensible duty. It is utterly impossible for a governor to rule and regulate any state without a knowledge of the disposition, the existing qualities and laws, of the people over which he is placed. Just so is it in every instance where good government is necessary. If we minutely examine those actions which are not always guided by the best qualities of man, it will be discovered that they all are derived through the want of this knowledge; all species of wrong or error owe their origin to it.

To reflect for a moment. Perhaps it is too much to expect otherwise than that this ignorance should predominate over imperfect man, for the entire possession would bring us to that state of being, for

the existence of which the time has not yet arrived. But, nevertheless, this *duty* seen and *ought* to be more cultivated. How is this neglect to be accounted for? Man, abstractedly considered, would, in a degree, be unalloyed by many of the existing wrongs; but as all congregated bodies produce their own results, so man to man has effected evils—evils, which, in a measure, we are compelled to partake of; but there is an obvious difference between perfection and consummate neglect and ignorance.

Man, taken as a whole, is a wonderful and singular machine. His powers (if justly enforced, which is very seldom) are capable of gaining for him that which he is all his life endeavouring to establish, and ultimately dies without. Man, being a free agent, and surrounded by circumstances of a strong and propelling nature, becomes influenced by the various objects to the extent that has produced those inconsistencies which are always visible. Young has discovered them:—

“Man flies from time, and time from man.”

Placing so much value upon life, and willing as man is to sacrifice, in some instances, so much for its preservation, it is surprising that he neglects the more *essential preservers*. All good, to a certain extent, being impregnated with evil, we cannot feel so much alarmed when errors occasionally arise; but when we witness a series of long-existing imprudencies and inconsistencies in so splendid a machine as ourselves should represent, we must wonderfully marvel:—

“Life we think long and short, death seek and shun;

Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
Unlied, jar—and yet are loth to part.”

Man's predominant object, let his pursuit be ever so varied, is happiness; and, however strange to urge, the efforts enforced to realise this, frequently counteract their original intent. Even when the means, lately supposed to contain the requisites for the generally sought-for boon, are obtained, still there is a something wanting to form a completion. Man was never created that restless, thankless, inconsistent being, (“if man's unhappy, God's unjust,”) therefore it must result from a minor cause. Man is strange, contrary, and wonderful in his actions; many of them running in opposition to each other, and some even opposed to himself. All this we attribute to the *ignorance* exhibited in custom and education, and our not “knowing ourselves.” “Custom and education,” says Lord Bacon, “does much.” Indeed, the former is near akin to nature, and the latter creates

strong prejudices. From custom we have derived the greatest portion of the inconsistencies attached to us. If any clear and positive inconsistency in man is pointed out, we find that custom has engrafted it, and education will not remove it. Education will make us consistent and intelligent beings where custom is absent; but however strong may be the prejudices of education, those of custom are still stronger. By nature we love life; by education we have the power of preserving it sometimes; but by custom, which preponderates against both, we are stimulated to shorten it. By education we learn that contentment is of itself the very summit of our wishes, and attainable by all; but by custom we are restless and dissatisfied. Custom being “the principal magistrate of life,” we should be the more cautious. I am aware that the mind, like the productive fields which yield to the labours of the husbandman, is often productive of a bountiful crop. But the “garden of the mind,” although it may be sown with the seeds of exotics, does not always put forth buds and flowers.

Man, though inconsistent and unsteady, has in his own individual possession a power sufficient to establish for himself a greater portion of *genuine* happiness than he at present participates in. The Father of all mankind created us not to be partakers of sin, or *any thing* that accrues to an unsteady appetite, but rather to fulfil an important and strictly pure duty. The errors and crimes of life, therefore, originate with man himself.

I could wish to impress the mind with the existing extent and capability of the powers of man, that he is a rational being, possessing in his individual right all that is essential to make him happy and beloved.

“Ah! how unjust to nature and himself
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!”

Man was created an active creature, but has become divided into two parts, the idle and the busy. Man, then, being by nature active, the mind will either work to good or evil, both of which are not exculpated from blame. The idler, having no sound object in view, is entirely at the control of vice or folly; they, as Dr. Tillotson says, “are fools at large.” The active man, unfortunately educated and reared at the foot of custom, is at once submissive to its contagious power; but, as Plato has prettily observed, “labour is preferable to idleness, as brightness is to rust.”

To speak briefly, man is always restless, always wishing, always hoping, always expecting, let hopes and wishes have

been ever so frequently realized. Man, therefore, although the most noble and wonderful amongst the animal creation, renders himself, by his own conduct, the most abject and mean, in allusion to the greatest gift of God, happiness.

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man."

Before we enter on the wide ocean of life, we must, in order to avoid the shoals and quicksands, necessarily learn the navigation of our vessel; without which knowledge we are controlled by adverse winds and ungovernable waves, unable to steer one steady course; but when, as one who endeavours to safely and properly sail through the ocean of life, the navigation of our individual vessel is made a subject of consideration, happily and readily we float through the great channel, weigh anchor in the harbour of blessedness, while our streamer curls in the air, and yields consent to the incontrovertible winds, as a guide and waving beacon to all human creatures.

As has been already expressed, this too well-known deficiency in man is ascribable to this cause alone: that while man is endeavouring to possess himself of the knowledge of the vices of other men, and the means by which they may atone for them, of what the recreation and necessary idleness of other men should be composed of, of the necessity of charity and benevolence in others, of the language, habits, and customs of nations, of the qualities of substances and matters, of abstruse sciences, and other subjects never intended for the prying eye of man, he entirely neglects the study of himself. Let man, as a correct architect of his own grand structure, survey it with a scrutinizing eye, and not remove one particle that is thought to add to its stability, but rather, if it be possible, still farther embellish the original; and when this is accomplished, he can look round upon inferior creatures, and, in his own superiority, at once establish the fact, that "all our knowledge is ourselves to know."

Yours, respectfully, A. B. C.

THE DEATH FETCH.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The town has lately been surprised by a drama with the astounding title of *The Death Fetch*; a drama which introduces us to a far different region to that which we inhabit. But what has surprised me more than even the drama itself, is the virulence with which some writers have opposed it, and with a

pseudo-philosophical dogmatism declared, that *The Death Fetch* and all similar productions tend only to revive and to foster superstition. The term superstition is homonymous, and I almost despair of rightly understanding this appropriation of it. As far as I am able to judge of supernatural exhibitions, the only evil which can attend them, is the belief that the action portrayed is incident to our own existence; certainly such a belief would be most dreadful, and if it were concomitant to those exhibitions they should instantly be abolished. But it is not. Among the thousands that have seen *The Death Fetch*, I believe not one person is impressed with a conviction of its real existence; not one, but is assured that it is only a theatrical illusion. Several of my acquaintance have seen it; yet they are as reckless as ever. So far from living in constant dread of a titidical phantom, I can see no abatement of their wonted cheerfulness and hilarity. I doubt not, but they can walk along a dark passage with perfect equanimity, and blow out the candle on getting in bed with their pristine fortitude—nay, that when in the state of consopiation, they can open their eyes without any apprehension of perceiving "shadowy dead." These facts are quite sufficient to confute the assertion, that *The Death Fetch* has a baleful influence on the mind, and engenders horrible superstition. That it has rendered a few hypochondriacs more miserable, is very probable, but such wretched creatures should not witness the performance; one would think that the title of the piece would effectually deter them, and that they would not with unaccountable eagerness tempt the "hideous apparition." If it has increasingly hypped them, themselves alone are to blame. Without entering on discussion, I would merely observe that some of the German dramas are a valuable acquisition to our stage. They open a truly original source of imaginative pleasure, and being contradistinguished from every other species of dramatic writing, to judge them by general rules, is fallacious. As to their moral tendency, I think them far less detrimental to society, than those "ingenious" productions, which merely exhibit the advantage of lying, and the success of imposture, and which would lead us to suppose that effrontery and deceit will invariably surmount the greatest difficulties.

August 4, 1826.

P.

THE FATE OF GENIUS.

(For the Mirror.)

I HAVE often thought, when perusing ancient and modern history, that from the earliest period genius seems, as if by spell, to have been surrounded by adversity and hard fate. I commence with giving the illustrations on which such ideas are founded. Writers of minor interest are omitted, retaining those only which I think may prove interesting to the readers of the MIRROR, and at the same time may serve them as a useful reference.

HOMER, B. C. 907,

THE father of poetry, the prince of bards, is supposed to be a native of Ionia, but of what city or place has never been determined. The sage, for the honour of whose birth powerful states have contended, wandered unknown; perhaps, as a learned author remarks, "obliged to provide by the charms of his poetry for the day that was passing over him."

HESIOD, B. C. 907,

WHO flourished in the time of Homer, and who, according to Plutarch, obtained a poetical prize in competition with him, was murdered by the sons of Ganyctor of Naxos, and his body thrown into the sea. Some dolphins brought back the body to the shore, which was immediately known, and the murderers were discovered by the poet's dogs, and thrown into the ocean.

ARCHILOCHUS, B. C. 685,

A SATIRIC and epigrammatic poet of Paros, and was the first who introduced iambs in his verses. He courted Neobule, the daughter of Lycambes, and had received promises of marriage, but the father gave her to another, superior both in rank and fortune; upon which Archilochus wrote such a bitter satire, that Lycambes hanged himself in a fit of despair. The Spartans condemned his verses, and banished him as a petulant and dangerous citizen. It is generally supposed he was assassinated.

SAPPHO, B. C. 600,

CELEBRATED for her beauty, her poetic talents, and her amorous disposition; she was a native of Mitylene, in the island of Lesbos. It was from her the sapphic verse took its name. Her tender passions were so violent, that some have represented her attachments with three of her female companions, Telesiphe, Atthis, and Megara, as criminal, and on that account have given her the surname of

Tribas. She conceived such a passion for Phaon, a youth of Mitylene, that upon his refusing her love, she threw herself into the sea from Mount Leucæ.

ÆSOP, B. C. 561,

THE first Greek fabulist, who, though originally a slave, procured his liberty by his sallies of genius. Many anecdotes are related of him, but being in an unauthenticated state, I shall transcribe the following:—Æsop was sent by Cressus, king of Lydia, to consult the oracle of Delphi; he sarcastically compared the Delphians to floating sticks, which appear large at a distance, but are nothing when brought near. The Delphians, offended with his sarcastic remarks, accused him of having secreted one of the sacred vessels of Apollo's temple, and threw him down from a rock.

XENOPHANES, B. C. 535,

A GREEK philosopher of Colophon. His notions of astronomy were extremely wild; he supposed that the stars were extinguished every morning and rekindled at night, and that eclipses were occasioned by the temporary extinction of the sun. He further imagined that God and the world were the same, and he credited the eternity of the universe. His incoherent opinion about the divinity raised the indignation of his countrymen, and he was banished. He died very poor when about one hundred years old.

ANACREON, B. C. 532,

THE bard of love and wine, was born in the city of Teos, in the region of Ionia. Although his life appears to have been unclouded, yet his death was singular. He lived till his eighty-fifth year, and after every excess of pleasure and debauchery, choked himself with a grape-stone, and expired.

ZENO, B. C. 525,

A PHILOSOPHER of Elia, or Velleia, in Italy. His opinions of the universe, &c. were the same with those of Xenophanes. It is said that he attempted to deliver his country from the tyranny of Nearchus. His plot was discovered, and he was exposed to the most excruciating torments to reveal the names of his accomplices; but he bore them with unparalleled fortitude; and not to be at last conquered by tortures, he cut off his tongue with his teeth, and spit it into the face of the tyrant. Some say that he was pounded alive in a mortar, and that in the midst of his tortures he called to Nearchus, as if to reveal something of importance; the

tyrant approached him, and Zeno, as if willing to whisper to him, caught his ear with his teeth, and bit it off.

ÆSCHYLUS, B. C. 456,

THE first tragic poet, also an excellent soldier. He wrote ninety tragedies, seven of which only remain. He was the first who introduced two actors on the stage, and clothed with dresses suitable to their characters. Being informed that he was to die by the fall of a house, he became disatisfied with the fickleness of his countrymen, and withdrew from the city into the fields, where he sat down. An eagle, with a tortoise in her bill, flew over his bald head, and supposing it to be a stone, dropped her prey upon it to break the shell, and Æschylus instantly died of the blow in the 69th year of his age.

EUPOLIS, B. C. 435,

A COMIC poet of Athens, who, some suppose, was put to death by Alcibiades, because he had ridiculed him in a comedy; whilst others maintain that he perished in a sea-fight between the Athenians and Lacedæmonians in the Hellespont; and that on that account his countrymen decreed that no poet should ever after go to war. He had a dog so attached to him, that at his death he refused all aliments, and starved himself on his tomb.

DAMON, B. C. 430,

A POET and musician of Athens, intimate with Pericles. He was banished from his country for his intrigues, and died in misery.

ANAXAGORAS, B. C. 428,

A CÆZONIENIAN philosopher, preceptor to Socrates and Euripides, and also Pericles, who dissuaded him from starving himself to death. The ideas of Anaxagoras were wild and extravagant. He was accused of impiety, and condemned to die; but his scholar, Pericles, pleaded eloquently and successfully for him, and the sentence of death was exchanged for banishment. In prison the philosopher is said to have attempted to square the circle, or determine exactly the proportion of its diameter to the circumference. When the people of Lampascus asked him before his death whether he wished anything to be done in commemoration of him? "Yea," says he, "let the boys be allowed to play on the anniversary of my death." This was carefully observed, and that time dedicated to relaxation was called Anaxagoreia. He died at Lampascus in the seventy-second year of his age.

EURIPIDES, B. C. 407,

A CELEBRATED tragic poet, born at Salamis, the contemporary and rival of Sophocles. He began to write for the stage at the age of eighteen, and continued to do so till the end of his life. The ridicule and envy to which he was continually exposed obliged him to remove from Athens to the court of Archelaus, king of Macedonia, where he received the most conspicuous marks of royal munificence and friendship. His end was calamitous; the dogs of his benefactor met him in his solitary walks, and tore his body to pieces in the 78th year of his age.

I shall now conclude my first paper on "The Fate of Genius." It may be asked what particular fate attended two or three whom I have advanced as instances of my idea? I answer by saying, I do not intend to select only those who were robbed of their lives in an unnatural and inhuman manner, but those also on whom the punishments of the state, poverty, or bodily affliction fell heavily. In case I should be blamed for so doing, I will defend myself, or rather I should say, support myself with the thought, that facts cannot be but interesting. I had thrown down my pen with the thought that I had concluded, and was perusing the "Melancholy Hours" of a

"Bard of brief days, but, ah! of deathless fame," when the following passage presented itself, which I transcribe, as it favours my own opinion:—

"It is a melancholy reflection, and a reflection which often sinks heavy on my soul, that the sons of genius seem predestined to encounter the rudest storms of adversity, to struggle, unnoticed, with poverty and misfortune. The annals of the world present us with many corroborations of this remark; and, alas! who can tell how many unhappy beings, who might have shone with distinguished lustre among the stars which illumine our hemisphere, may have sunk unknown beneath the pressure of untoward circumstances; who knows how many may have sunk, with all the exquisite sensibility of genius, from the rude and riotous discord of the world, into the peaceful slumbers of death."—*Henry Kirke White*—who will himself, anon, find a space amid "the stars" I gather.

S—C—

A NOBLEMAN who had a very short nose, was jeering a soldier for having a very long one. "Good God!" replied the soldier, "Why do you take so much notice of my nose? Do you suppose it was made at the expense of yours?"

Idol of the Sandwich Islanders.



THE above is a representation of one of the feather idols, taken out of the morai or temple, near Karakakooa Bay, which was entered by lord Byron and his officers during their late stay at the Sandwich Islands.

The idol is composed of wicker-work covered over with red, black, and yellow feathers, which are esteemed by the natives as sacred, the mouth consists of two rows of dog's teeth, and the eyes are pieces of mother of pearl with a nut stuck in the centre of each; the neck is surrounded by a string of European beads, probably left by captain Cook; the idol altogether is nearly three feet in height, and though distorted, still bears a resemblance to the features of the islanders. The morai, or temple, out of which it was taken, and the only remaining one now existing in the Sandwich Islands, was the celebrated "Hare o Keave," or House of Keave, the depository of the remains of departed kings and princes of Owhyee. The bones of each of whom were tied up in bundles of tapa, or native cloth, and on a few of them were placed feather idols as tutelary deities, of one of which the above is a specimen. On either side of the altar was a large and very curiously carved wooden idol, both of which were brought away. Many consecrated articles such as arms, fish-hooks, drums, &c. were likewise strewed about in different parts of the morai. Lord Byron and his officers, the first Europeans ever suffered to visit the interior of this morai, were permitted to carry away with them any of the idols

and other curiosities they chose, which they accordingly did. Idolatry having been abolished throughout the Sandwich Islands, and Christianity established in its stead.

The yellow feathers with which the idols were partly covered are obtained from a scarce species of bird, and are esteemed by the natives almost inestimable, each bird furnishing only two little tufts. These feathers are also used jointly with the red and black feathers in the manufacture of their beautiful war cloaks, which from their immense labour and work, and the difficulty of procuring feathers, used to be years in making, and now from the introduction of European customs and manufactures, are seldom if ever made. They are esteemed by the natives amongst their most valuable articles, and they are not allowed to sell them, but only to transmit them down to their posterity as heir looms. Such also is their extreme rarity that Lieutenant Kotzebue, commander of a Russian discovery ship which touched at these islands a few years ago, offered 800 dollars, nearly £200 sterling, for one of these war cloaks, but without success, not being able to obtain one at any price. The cloaks reaching down to the knee are worn only by the king and principal chiefs; the feather tippets reaching a little below the shoulder, are worn by the inferior chiefs. The peculiar circumstances which attended the voyage of the *Blonde* enabled the superior officers to obtain a few of these superb feather cloaks, together with some of the few remaining idols and other curiosities, which from the prevalence of European customs among the islanders, and the difficulty, the trouble, and the time employed in making them may now be deemed almost invaluable. Mr. Ellis in his *Missionary Tour through Owhyee*, has given an interesting account of the morai, or temple, which lord Byron entered; though he was not allowed, it being then strictly tabooed; his account of the different customs, arms, dresses, manner of fighting of the natives, is likewise a faithful representation.

M. H. B.

THE Prince de Conde, in a council of war before the battle of Rocroi, speaking of the advantages of possessing that place, the Mareschal de Gassion replied, "But if we should lose it, what would become of us?" "I do not consider that," replied the prince, "as I shall die before that happens."

TIME'S CHANGES.

I saw her once—so freshly fair
 That, like a blossom just unfolding
 She open'd to life's cloudless air,
 And nature joy'd to view its moulding;
 Her smile, it haunts my memory yet—
 Her cheek's fine hue divinely glowing—
 Her rose-bud mouth—her eyes of jet—
 Around on all their light bestowing;
 Oh! who could look on such a form,
 So nobly free, so softly tender,
 And darkly dream that earthly storm
 Should dim such sweet delicious splendour!
 For is her mien, and in her face,
 And in her young step's fairy lightness,
 Might could the raptur'd gazer trace
 But beauty's glow, and pleasure's brightness.

I saw her twice—an altered charm—
 But still of magic richest, rarest,
 Then girlhood's talisman less warm,
 Though yet of earthly sights the fairest;
 Upon her breast she held a child,
 The very image of its mother;
 Which ever to her smiling smiled,
 They seem'd to live but in each other:—
 But matron cares, or lurking woe,
 Her thoughtless, sinless look had banish'd,
 And from her cheek the roseate glow
 Of girlhood's balmy morn had vanished;
 Within her eyes, upon her brow,
 Lay something softer, sonder, deeper,
 As if in dreams some vision'd woe
 Had broke the Elysium of the sleeper.

I saw her thrice—Fate's dark decree
 In widow's garments had array'd her,
 Yet beautiful she seem'd to be,
 As even my reveries portray'd her;
 The glow, the glance had pass'd away,
 The sunshine, and the sparkling glitter;
 Still, though I noted pale decay,
 The retrospect was scarcely bitter;
 For, in their place a calmness dwelt,
 Serene, subduing, soothing, holy;
 In feeling which, the bosom felt
 That every louder mirth is folly—
 A pensiveness—which is not grief,
 A stillness—as of sun set streaming—
 A fairy glow on flower and leaf,
 Till earth looks like a landscape dreaming.

A last time—and unmoved she lay,
 Beyond life's dim, uncertain river,
 A glorious mould of fading clay,
 From whence the spark had fled for ever!
 I gazed—my breast was like to burst—
 And, as I thought of years departed,
 The years wherein I saw her first,
 When she, a girl, was lightsome-hearted,—
 And, when I mused on later days,
 As moved she in her matron duty,
 A happy mother, in the blaze
 Of ripen'd hope, and sunny beauty,—
 I felt the chill—I turn'd aside,
 Sick desolation's cloud came o'er me,
 And being seem'd a troubled tide
 Whose wrecks in darkness awam before me.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Retrospective Cleanings

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE SAUNDERS.

THE Lord Chief Justice Saunders succeeded in the room of Pemberton. His character, and his beginning, were equally strange. He was at first no better than a poor beggar-boy, if not a parish foundling, without known parents or relations. He had found a way to live by obsequiousness (in Clement's-inn, as I remember) and courting the attorney's clerks for scraps. The extraordinary observance and diligence of the boy, made the society willing to do him good. He appeared very ambitious to learn to write; and one of the attorneys got a board knocked up at a window on the top of a staircase, and that was his desk, where he sat and wrote after copies of court and other hands the clerks gave him. He made himself so expert a writer that he took in business, and earned some pence by hackney-writing. And thus, by degrees, he pushed his faculties, and fell to forms; and, by books that were lent him, became an exquisite entering clerk; and, by the same course of improvement of himself, an able counsel, first in special pleading, then at large. And, after he was called to the bar, had practice in the King's Bench Court, equal with any there. As to his person, he was very corpulent and beastly; a mere lump of morbid flesh. He used to say, "by his trogga," (such a humorous way of talking he affected) "none could say he wanted issue of his body, for he had nine in his back." He was a fetid mass, that offended his neighbours at the bar in the sharpest degree. Those, whose ill-fortune it was to stand near him, were confessors, and in summer-time, almost martyrs. This hateful decay of his carcass came upon him by continual sottishness; for, to say nothing of brandy, he was seldom without a pot of ale at his nose, or near him. That exercise was all he used; the rest of his life was sitting at his desk, or piping at home; and that home was a tailor's house in Butcher-row, called his lodging, and the man's wife was his nurse, or worse; but by virtue of his money, of which he made little account, though he got a great deal, he soon became master of the family, and being no changeling, he never removed, but was true to his friends, and they to him, to the last hour of his life.

So much for his person and education. As for his parts, none had them more lively than he. Wit and repartee, in an affected rusticity, were natural to him. He was ever ready, and never at a loss;

and none came so near as he to be a match for sergeant Maynard. His great dexterity was in the art of special pleading, and he would lay snares that often caught his superiors, who were not aware of his traps. And he was so fond of success for his clients, that rather than fail, he would set the court hard with a trick; for which he met sometimes with a reprimand, which he would wittily ward off, so that no one was much offended with him. But Hales could not bear his irregularity of life; and for that, and suspicion of his tricks used to bear hard upon him in the court. But no ill usage from the bench was too hard for his hold of business, being such as scarce any could do but himself. With all this he had a goodness of nature and disposition in so great a degree, that he may be deservedly styled a philanthrope. He was a very Silenus to the boys, as, in this place, I may term the students of the law, to make them merry whenever they had a mind to it. He had nothing of the rigid or austere in him. If any near him at the bar grumbled at his stretch, he ever converted the complaint into content and laughing with the abundance of his wit. As to his ordinary dealing, he was as honest as the driven snow was white; and why not, having no regard for money, or desire to be rich? And for good nature and condescension, there was not his fellow. I have seen him for hours and half-hours together, before the court sat, stand at the bar with an audience of students over against him, putting of cases and debating so as suited their capacities, and encouraged their industry. And so in the Temple, he seldom moved without a parcel of youths hanging about him, and he merry and jesting with them.

It will be readily conceived that this man was never cut out to be a presbyter, or any thing that is severe and crabbed. In no time did he lean to faction, but did his business without offence to any. He put off officious talk of government or politics with jests, and so made his wit a catholicon, or shield, to cover all his weak places and infirmities. When the court fell into a steady course of using the law against all kinds of offenders, this man was taken into the king's business; and had the part of drawing and perusal of almost all indictments and informations that were then to be prosecuted, with the pleading thereon, if any were special; and he had the settling of the large pleadings in the *quo warrantos* against London. His lordship had no sort of conversation with him, but in the way of business and at the bar; but once, after he was in the king's business, he dined with his lord-

ship, and no more. And there he showed another qualification he had acquired, and that was to play jigs upon an harpsichord; having taught himself with the opportunity of an old virginal of his landlady's; but in such a manner, not for defect but figure, as to see him were a jest. The king, observing him to be of a free disposition, loyal, friendly, and without greediness or guile, thought of him to be the chief justice of the King's Bench at that nice time. And the ministry could not but approve of it. So great a weight was then at stake as could not be trusted to men of doubtful principles, or such as any thing might tempt to desert them. While he sat in the Court of King's Bench, he gave the rule to the general satisfaction of the lawyers. But his course of life was so different from what it had been, his business incessant, and withal, crabbed; and his diet and exercise changed, that the constitution of his body, or head rather, could not sustain it, and he fell into an apoplexy and palsy, which numbed his parts; and he never recovered the strength of them. He outlived the judgment in the *quo warrantos*; but was not present otherwise than by sending his opinion, by one of the judges, to be for the king, who, at the pronouncing of the judgment, declared it to the court accordingly, which is frequently done in like cases.—*R. North's Life of Lord Keeper Guildford.*

The Nobelist.

No. LXXXVI.

THE LADY OF EDENMERE.

A TRADITIONAL STORY.

***** My grandfather drew his chair nearer to the fire, and thus commenced his promised narrative:—Availing myself of a long vacation, when a young collegian, I commenced a pedestrian tour through England. I was at one time slowly sauntering down a rural solitary lane at the close of a sultry day in August, in that still, dreamy state of mind which a summer evening, with its warmth and quietness and heavenly sweetness, is so apt to induce, when suddenly a sheet of fire flashed in my face, and almost blinded me; to which succeeded peals of thunder. On looking up, I beheld the sky involved in tempest-clouds, and the rain beginning to fall in torrents. I soon quitted the lane, and came upon the highway road; here, as I walked, I looked round on all sides for shelter: for some time

my search was fruitless, since the lightning dazzled me, and the fast descending rain gave to objects at a little distance the appearance of a thick mist. But at last, during the slight intermission of the storm, I thought I discovered, across some fields, a white house; my eyes had not deceived me, in about half an hour I reached a mansion, in a most dilapidated state. It was large, and had evidently been once of some consideration, but now it presented a complete picture of desolation. The space round it (perhaps in former times a garden) produced nettles, sorrel, dock, hemlock, and mallow, in abundance and luxuriance; the white walls of the house were variously streaked by time; its windows displayed fragments of glass, and were for the most part closed with boards, which years had rendered dusky, cobwebbed, and decayed. The hall-door lock was rusty, and there was no knocker—I tried the bell, but it was broken; when, with a strong effort, I succeeded in forcing the door. As far as I could distinguish amid the mingled gloom of a storm, and the obscurity of an apartment, whose windows were all partially nailed up, the interior of the house presented much such an appearance as its exterior had indicated. I saw, by the momentary flashes of lightning, that I stood in an antique hall, hung with pictures, the subjects of which I had not a sufficiency of light to distinguish; and mingled with these, I discovered many equestrian and chivalric accoutrements. The furniture was of a description common to old manor houses, and much decayed, excepting an oak table, and on this I therefore threw myself, to await the cessation of the storm. In about an hour it was over, and I beheld the moon sailing amid a sky of deep azure and snow-like clouds; then, closing the door of the deserted mansion, I retraced my steps to the road, and walking on at a pretty good pace, soon reached a village, where I resolved to take up my abode for the night. Seated in the best parlour of the little post-house, I expressed my surprise to mine host, while he was laying the cloth for my supper, that so large and apparently so excellent a house as the one on the right hand of the village should be uninhabited. "True, Sir," replied he, "but there are very few who would risk themselves in the great house now, I fancy."—"Why?" said I.—"Because, Sir! it belonged to *The Lady of Edenmore*!"—"Indeed! and who was the Lady of Edenmore?"—"What! don't you know that story? I thought it had been all over England by this time; well, I suppose I must tell it: and first,

this is the village of Edenmore, and all the estate is owned by Lord C——, now at Rome (or some such outlandish place) for education, for he is not yet of age. Near fifty years ago, when the late Lord C—— was about thirty years of age, he was very much in debt, and wished to let his house; but as it was an old rambling place, and the rent very high, for a long while it stood untenanted. At length a report reached our village, that the great house had been hired by a lady; and not many days after, there was a grand stir, with herself, servants, and luggage, passing to their new habitation; it was said that she was related to Lord C——, but be she who she would, she seemed very rich, and fully authorized to alter the house as she pleased. Two wings she immediately added, one of which was a splendid mews, the other consisted of chambers and offices for her servants. When these were finished, down came two dozen of the finest horses ever seen, with almost as many grooms to attend upon them; and to this stud *The Lady*, as she was called, (for nobody ever made out her proper name,) was constantly adding, though it was remarkable, she neither rode herself, nor suffered her horses to run at any of the races in the kingdom; her grooms said, she had the finest stud in Great Britain, and a lovely sight it was to see them exercised. But the Lady was not a good Lady, nor a very happy one; she was gloomy, kept no company, quarrelled with her servants, and when she turned them away, took no others in their places. At last we almost forgot that such a being lived at the great house, till her grooms came here, and had all the old women in the parish examined, because they said many of the horses had lately been *witch-riden*. The poor old creatures protested their innocence; but my Lady raged, and the men swore, though they locked the stable-doors every night, when they went in the morning they frequently found one or other of the beasts half dead with heat and fatigue, covered with foam, and sometimes with blood, and they should lose their places if the mystery were not explained. Just at this particular time, our part of the country was thrown into a state of great fermentation, by the number of robberies and murders committed on the highway, and every one was most active in endeavouring to secure the offender, whom it was asserted scoured the country, concealed in a black cloak and mask, and was the most bold and ferocious villain ever known. Time fled, without the highwayman being discovered, or the witch who rode the *Lady of*

Edenmere's horses, till at length this eccentric being was missed from her own house: strong suspicions falling on her servants, who were well known to hate her, they went to clear themselves by oath of blood-guiltiness before a magistrate, and to make a deposition as to the time when their Lady was first missed, and the property belonging to her then in the mansion. Every room was locked immediately, till Lord C—— should determine what was best to be done; and he being then very ill, it was full two months before he could make any arrangements; at last he came down, with the intention of searching the house thoroughly, and was himself the first to discover a very small door in the Lady's own bedroom, so artfully fitted to the panels of the wainscot, that it was no wonder it had escaped all eyes heretofore. A couple of minute bolts on either side secured it, but when these were undrawn, a slight push sufficed to open it, since it turned on a pivot, leaving space enough to admit one person through the aperture; beyond it, appeared a narrow and long flight of steps, as far as the eye could reach, for it was exceedingly dark.—

'Torches!' cried Lord C——
 'Humph! this is something new; among her alterations, my tenant told me not of *this*.'—Torches were procured, and I, with some young men and boys, going forward, my Lord C——, with my father and many of his servants, followed us. We had not descended very far, before our progress was arrested by something large, black, and of a most horrible appearance and scent; this we turned and raised, though with sickening hearts, and discovered, to our horror and amazement, that it was the remains of a female, clad exactly as report had clad the highwayman; a broken lantern laid by the side of this hideous mass of corruption, and a bunch of keys, a brace of pistols, and a dirk, fell from the girdle buckled around its waist; the long hair of a woman was fresh on the skull; but on removing the black velvet mask, the face was too much decayed for any features to be distinguished. Some of us remained with the body, while the rest, taking the keys, went forward to see whereto the stone staircase led. On their return they brought word, that at the bottom of it, a circuitous course of passages brought them to a small door, on opening which they found themselves at the end of the mews furthest from the house, and within it; and that amongst the keys, were those which fitted into every lock of every door in these splendid stables. Thus, then, did we discover the end of

The Lady of Edenmere, and the punishment which overtook such great and secret wickedness. Through this passage, known to none but herself, used she to enter the mews at midnight, (taking care ever to close the secret door,) harness a horse, and pursue her unlawful occupation till the approach of dawn, and return with her spoils through the secret communication. In one of these nefarious sallies, it seems she broke her leg, missing her footing probably on the narrow steps, and there perished miserably from pain and starvation. Lord C—— shut up the house as soon as the miserable woman's remains were consigned to the earth, and it has never been opened since.—“Indeed but it has,” said I; “and are those paintings in the hall family portraits?” Mine host, in evident alarm, inquired if I had ever entered the great house; on which I related my sheltering in it from the storm. “And did you see nothing there, Sir?” —“Nothing more than I have told you;—*Why?*” —“Because, Sir, they do say the Lady of Edenmere rides there still; but as she died in the house, she may not quit it; well, Sir, 'tis lucky for you that you're out of the great house, safe and sound, and have met with nothing worse than a good supper in a place like this.” I thought so too, and wisely resolved never to take up my abode in a deserted mansion, if there were a possibility of meeting with better fare elsewhere.—Thus ended my grandfather's narration.

M. L. B.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

A DOG-DAY.

Now the dog-star reigns, and the weather is really what Butler describes it “*insulting-hot*.” Now old ladies, who dare venture a-shopping, go parasolling their withered perfections along, and entertain a decided dread of injuring the immaterial whiteness of their skins, which have ceased to be compared to “lilies” and “snows,” and other sonnet-like similes, for more than thirty summers; and now old gentlemen look very earnestly at their thermometers, and find that they are within a few degrees of self-combustion, or at least of slow suffocation. Now dogs go mad, and dowdies go to Margate; and steam-boats are full, and dancing on deck is thought vulgar, and cigars quite unnecessary. Now people who must stay in town crawl along, a caterpillar's pace,

in the shade of dead walls, and look half as dead themselves. Now butchers, as they pass to noseward, remind you of Dicky Suett—they emit such a suety smell; and now butchers' boys are particularly inveterate against blue-bottles, and have not common patience with common flies; and butchers' dogs dream of gnats, and become excessively snappish. Now cooks suffer a daily martyrdom; and scullion-boys have a bitter time of it, and wish they had been born black in the Western Ind, instead of being beaten so by the cudgelling cooks of the western end, who are now more than ever impatient, hot, angry, and savage. Now aldermen puff and blow like grampuses left ashore, and go about the city, at every hundred yards dabbing their foreheads with their white handkerchiefs, which are in half an hour wet to the initial corners. Now pump-handles are going all day long, like captain Sabine's pendulums vibrating seconds; and Aldgate pump seems as if it had not yet recovered from the late panic in the city—there is such a continual run upon it; and now dry dogs stand under pumps barking at the handles, in utter helplessness of themselves, and look with watering eye at the cooling fluid as it pours into pitchers and cans, and think unutterable things of the iron ladle and the idle boys, neither of whom offer them a drop. Now firemen, who are also watermen, throw off as insufferable the sun fire-office jackets, and cannot endure to recollect that there ever was such a thing as a house on fire; and if you tell them where there is one in the next street, they break out into a preparatory perspiration; and now amateurs, who row up to Richmond in funnies, find their amusement rather serious and sedentary, and think the towing-horses on the Putney shore have a much easier time of it, for they work in the shade; and now those more adventurous, who get as far as Twickenham *ditto*, make up their minds to *hate* Twickenham all the rest of their lives. Now pedestrians, who have a taste for rural delights, and have five miles to walk, die through two, and *down* every step of the other three; and now the good-looking, red-faced and white-haired gentlemen, who drive the short stages, are suspected to meet with many more half-way houses than ordinary; their wit, too, is more than usually dry. Now table-beer casks become very soon on the tilt, to the alarm of stewards and the astonishment of butlers, who wonder how they could possibly run out so fast. The coachman and groom are asked if they can account for it; coachee, who comes

from the west cuntry, declares it to be out of his guess; but Ned, the groom, who comes from Yorkshire, doubts whether it be not possible for twenty gallons of table ale to drink up each other in such dry weather! Now publicans use twice their usual quantity of chalk; and the weekly beer-bill makes the acceptor look as grave at its amount as if it was his own funeral expenses; and now maiden ladies, living on small annuities, swallow twice the accustomed *quantum* of Sou-chong at a sitting. Now fashionables wish in vain that it was not fashionable to be seen in Rotten-Row when the sun looks perpendicularly down from the heavens; and the *haut ton*, who meet at midnight in full assemblies, may rather be called the *hot ton*; and now it is as difficult to get a seat in the Park as it is in the Parliament; and those who do, seem as if they had obtained it after many days' contest, and look as if they expected to be chaired as the sitting members for St. James's Mall. Now fat persons of both sexes wish they had not indulged so much in the "good things of this life" in the winter months, for which they pay a horrid interest during the summer *ditto*; and much they envy the lean and comparatively cool creatures who move about them without being drowned in their own unction, like a goose basted in his own fat; and now elderly gentlemen who wear powder, and wo'n't wear chip hats, are all over admirations (! ! ! !), periods (.. .), and commas (', ', ', ') on coat-collars and black waistcoats, from "the minute drops" of their profuse, powder perspiration. Now a short-sighted person of much consequence, who pats an iron post on the top, and cries, "stand out of the way, boy!" feels as if he had committed a mistake, and blistered his fingers; and now it is really an East-Indian sort of indulgence to meet an old friend who looks coolly on one, and begins not to remember whether one's name is Smith or Simpson; and we cannot resent the *cut*, the coolness of the *cutter's* assurance is so agreeable—but, on the contrary, feel grateful. Now bakers look up from their Tartarian territories, and deem the arching heaven over this earth to be a larger sort of oven, in which men are baked instead of meats; and now bakers' men become, if anything, rather more crusty than their crustiest loaves. Now fishmongers are observed to be particularly anxious, about dusk, to throw a light upon their fish, lest too much darkness should afford an opportunity to their mackerel, and other "small deer" to throw a light upon themselves; for it is a villanous piece of candour in your

stale fish, that they will not keep their own secret; and now fishmongers need not boil the blue out of lobsters, for if your lobster have any reminiscences of his former cool enjoyments whilst a tenant in the deep, he will stew himself into the becoming red. Now farmers would not mind subscribing for a shower of rain if it were purchasable; and pathways across fields are chapped and gaping; and cows ruminates in dry ponds, and wish themselves camels (for they can carry a pail of water with them), and look with horror at dry fodder, and wishful at their own milk in the dairy pails; and farm-yard dogs cannot bark from drouth; and ducks waddle far and near to discover a ditch not quite dry, with duck-wood overgrown, but cannot find such a duck's paradise either near or far, and return home in melancholy procession, ruminating in silence on the "halycon days" of hard showers and overflowing brooks, dykes, rivers, and rivalets.

"Now the mower *whets* his scythe," and wishes he could *wet* himself at the same time. Now several Miss Smiths tumble quite promiscuously over little hillocks of hay, where it is making; and Irish hay-makers seem very indignant, but are pacifiable by penny subscriptions for the havoc made. Now a thermometer, if taken into a theatre, stands at 130° during the first piece, and at 160° during the farce, which is no joke—and play-goers are to be pitied for their infatuation; and now the Tritons and New-river Neptunes, when they plunge into the tank at Sadler's Wells theatre, hiss like so many bars of hot iron thrown out of an iron foundry; and the gods in the gallery cry out "throw him over!" taking the noise to be the sibilation of a hypercritical one-shilling critic, and o' the instant some harmless innocent individual, Jones or Jenkins is tossed into the pit, to the smashing of one chandelier, and the breaking of two necks which have no connexion with the Swan in Lad-lane; wherefore the manager is called for, and Tom Dibdin advances to the foot-lights, makes his speech, bows, withdraws as he bows, and plumps backwards into the "real water" for which that theatre is famous, and the curtain drops amidst considerable applause. Now the Lyceum shrubbery cannot deceive one for a moment into the expectation of coolness, if one observes the stewed dandies and *greens* which make up the show of that half-price paradise for 'prentice boys; and Mr. Arnold, if he really wishes to keep his theatre open, instead of introducing Scotch and Irish *airs* into his 'petas, would find it most to his interest

to introduce the *airs* of heaven. Now amateur-laureates, having birth-day odes and epithalamia to produce, go mad by dozens; and I, who only attempted a solitary sonnet yesterday, found myself stuck fast at the thirteenth line, in a profuse perspiration; and as the twice merchant passed under my window, crying "buy a line," felt inclined to make a bargain with him, in imitation of my particular poetical friend, the late Leather-lane lyrical, when in similar circumstances of despair; for he, poor fellow, made use of that "last line of all that ends this woeful tragedy," in a very unlyrical manner, and tied himself up by it to his tester, suicidally dying of an unfinished sonnet in the dog-days; an awful warning to all rash rhymesters not to attempt bringing down a sonnet till September, when sonnets are in season, and bring-downable.—*Monthly Magazine.*

AMUSEMENTS ON THE PRATER AT VIENNA.

IN no other city is perhaps to be found the variety of costumes which met our eyes as we wound our way through the crowd; Polish Jews in their long robes and high fur caps, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Hungarians, Bohemians, Russians, and others, each in their peculiar national dress, were to be seen sauntering under the shade of the trees, or staring at the different shows exhibited to their curious gaze. Under one tree that citizen of the world, Punch, had taken his stand, and was giving and receiving those far-reounding blows, which, he complained, were witnessed and heard by his hard-hearted audience with jeers and laughter instead of due sorrow and commiseration; a rival in the public favour had taken possession of another tree not far distant, and in the disguise of a monkey was reversing the order of things, aping an ape in his actions by hanging down from the branches, skipping from bough to bough, &c. &c.; further on was to be found a clown or scaramouch, expatiating with great earnestness and volubility on the magnificent sight that was to be seen behind that plain and modest-looking green curtain; "the royal and imperial banquet, at which were assembled all the sovereigns, ministers, and generals of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; the most perfect likenesses ever executed in wax, and he himself and his master had visited each court in succession, and had taken the models from nature;" in conclusion, he begged of those who had not dined, to abstain from entering until they had done so, as, if very hungry, they might

be tempted to seize on the viands, fruits, &c. laid before these mighty princes (so great was their resemblance to the reality), and thus be guilty of disrespect which he was sure they were unwilling to show. On every side were to be seen roundabouts of various inventions; one fitted out with small ships, which, in their circumvolutions, imitated, by means of a mechanical contrivance, the motion of a vessel in a heavy sea, appeared to be best attended; for any tale, sight, or exhibition, relating to the sea, is received by this inland people with greater favour and goodwill than by those who have had opportunities of witnessing the realities they attempt to describe. The unknown always excites curiosity and interest. Swings there were also in abundance; one struck me as novel and remarkable; you mounted on a wooden horse, a helmet was placed on your head, and a lance given into your hand, and when, by means of swinging, you had attained the quickest motion, the trumpet sounded a charge; a knight, formed of painted canvass, then appeared on the battlements of a wooden tower, close to which you passed in your course; in transfixing with your spear this unfortunate warrior was the great object of glory; nor was it always so easy as you might imagine, from the swiftness with which you passed, and the lightness and agility of the knight in gliding from the blow. Many were the groups collected around the story-tellers, some of whom were also musicians, and introduced into their romances songs relating to the tale. One musician, of a novel character, I remarked; he was whistling more sweetly and beautifully than I had thought possible, and accompanying with a guitar the music he whistled. Restaurateurs were to be found in every quarter; the tents and decorations of some very splendid; under an awning of silk, stretched from one tree to another, was quite an eastern assemblage; sitting cross-legged on carpets in one part was a party of Turks smoking, and gravely smiling on the surrounding scene; near them, at dinner, were some Americans, with their wives and children, the females of the party decked out in all their finery, among which the necklace of large golden coins strung together was always to be seen; a Greek bishop was drinking his coffee beside them, while under the neighbouring trees was a group of Hungarian peasants, who, in physiognomy, dress, and appearance, bear resemblance to the Tartar tribes. Having been much amused by this motley assemblage, we proceeded about three o'clock to the avenue appointed for the drive and walk of the *beau monde*. Many of the equipages were extremely

handsome, and although perhaps a little too gaudy and splendid to please English taste on close observation, yet added much to the brilliancy of the general *coup d'œil*. Several ladies left their carriages, and walked in order to show their rich dresses to advantage, for in no other city is extravagance in dress carried to greater height. All ranks at Vienna, even the highest, have a peculiarity in their manners, that instantly strikes a stranger; 'tis that of the gentlemen kissing the hands of the ladies whenever he meets or leaves them; you are expected to pay this homage to a Viennese lady, even at your first introduction to her. After having remained here some time, we returned to the scene we had before quitted, and dined under one of the awnings, a good band of music playing for us during the banquet. For our meal we made choice of the two great national dishes of Austria; namely, the beer soup (made of beer, raisins, currants, and crumbs of bread, boiled together, and served up hot or cold as may best suit the season of the year), and the *hühner gebackten*; the latter consists of chicken cut into small pieces, and fried in a sauce composed chiefly of eggs. As twilight approached, we returned to town, and entered the Volks-garten, a garden near the palace, where all the gay company of Vienna, in their best attire, those who wish to see and be seen, eat ices, listen to music, and promenade by the light of an illumination, every summer evening, from sun-set until ten o'clock; it is a very gay and splendid scene. We finished the day's amusement by attending a ball given at the Apollo Saal, a large and fine room, decorated with pillars and statues, where were assembled about three or four hundred of the middling or shopkeeper class; waltzing (the only dance performed) was kept up with great spirit; they often dance the waltz in *cotillons* or *parties*, in which one couple are appointed leaders; their motions and figures the others are obliged to follow and imitate; this gives variety and animation to what would be otherwise a monotonous dance.

London Magazine.

LADY BIRDS.

AN unusual number of the insects called lady-birds are observed at the present time. At Brighton immense numbers have fallen in every part of the town, and the fishermen state that at sea they have been actually covered with them. It may not, perhaps, be known to all our readers, that the *lady* of this beautiful little creature preys most voraciously upon the *aphis*, or green fly, by which so

many hundred acres of pulse have been destroyed. A close observer might have seen, a few weeks ago, a small caterpillar, of a dark grey colour, inclining to purple, with orange spots, actively employed in devouring those ravagers upon almost every stalk where they had settled, thus beautifully illustrating the order of the universe, by which even when one description of insect becomes most threatening, its numbers are brought within due limits by a corresponding increase of another. The connexion of ills (or seeming ills) and remedies is further shewn by the account from Brighton; for not only does the *coccinella* supply food to birds, which perhaps would otherwise suffer, in a dry season like this, from the scarcity of worms and other ground insects; but it also, as Mr. Kirby concludes, becomes the sustenance of those fish, in the sea, which at other seasons ascend the rivers in search of them. In what manner the larva of the lady-birds, incapable of flying or of moving to a great distance, are brought together in the spot where their food is to be found, might be a curious subject of inquiry. Of their flight, Mr. Kirby gives the following account:—

"As the locust-eating thrush accompanies the locusts, so the *coccinella* seem to pursue the aphides; for I know no other reason to assign for the vast number that are sometimes, especially in the autumn, to be met with on the sea-coast or on the banks of large rivers. Many years ago, those of the hummer were so thickly strewn with the common lady-bird, that it was difficult to avoid treading upon them. Some years afterwards I noticed a mixture of species, collected in vast numbers, on the sand-hills on the sea-shore, at the north-west extremity of Norfolk; and about five or six years ago they covered the cliffs of all the watering places on the Kentish and Sussex coasts, to the no small alarm of the superstitious, who thought them forerunners of some direful evil. These last probably emigrated with the aphides from the hop-grounds. Whether the latter and their devourers cross the sea has not been ascertained; that the *coccinella* attempt it, is evident from their alighting upon ships at sea, as I have witnessed myself."

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton

A CURIOUS LETTER.

DEAR FATHER—I write to you this day, which is Monday, and send it by

the messenger, who leaves on Tuesday; he will be in town by Wednesday, and you will receive my letter on Thursday; therefore, be pleased to let me have the money by Friday, or I shall quit this place on Saturday, and be with you on Sunday!

AN IGNORANT MONARCH.

WITHERED, king of Kent, used the sign of the cross for his mark to his grants, he being unable to write his name.

RIDING IN THE RAIN.

A GENTLEMAN, riding over Salisbury Plain when it rained very hard, set up a gallop, and met with a traveller whose horse was standing still. Somewhat surprised at the sight, he asked the reason of it. "Zounds," says the other, "who the devil but a fool would ride in all this wet."

W. G.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Hubert's communication is left for him with our publisher.

Antiquarians will observe that under the head of *Retrospective Gleanings*, we intend preserving the choice flowers which blossomed in "olden time." Antiquarian researches, valuable extracts from old authors, notices of popular customs, and local superstitions, will, therefore, be of great use to us.

Jacobus has our best thanks. On comparing signatures, we have ascertained the truth of his conjecture.

The *Moravist's Common Place Book* is too common-place for insertion.

It would greatly facilitate our labours if our correspondents would put the date of the month to their communications.

The drawings sent us by S. D. ** H. J. B. and C. E. E. are received, and shall be attended to as early as possible.

We are obliged to J. B. J. for the perusal of his interesting papers, but cannot accede to the request he has made to us. If he wishes to have his communication returned to him, it shall be left with our publisher.

We cannot decide upon the Romance by M. H. S. until it is complete.

A Riddle, in the dog-days, is intolerable. Let us have our Christmas hearths, nuts, wassail, and snap-dragons, and then, perhaps, we might comfortably solve Ignoramus's puzzle.

If A Constant Reader, Jacobus, and Censor will call upon our publisher, he will readily explain and rectify the matter alluded to in their letters.

G. Grantham. J. A., and A Constant Reader, are under consideration.

C. H. C. is inadmissible.

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